

## The Prince and His Dog

Once upon a time, somewhere in Wales, there lived a prince called Llewellynd. He lived only with his baby son. The Prince was a tall, well built man, with long brown hair and a very handsome face. They lived in a Valley surrounded by hills, covered in wide woods and rivers. His house wasn't big, but was very pleasant because of thousand of surrounding it flowers and the small wooden fence in front of it. The house didn't look cold from outside, even though it was made from massive stones on top of each other. Almost all the time there was a friendly smoke coming out from the red chimney. The prince was a lonely father, but his life wasn't sad at all. His best friend, a dog called Gelert, guarded the house and the baby boy against unfriendly travelers and wild animals. Gelert was a lively brown dog with long floppy ears and friendly, black eyes. Gelert's Master was a happy man. He treated his dog almost like a member of the family and talked to him for almost all the time they spent together.

One day the Prince had to go hunting in the deep woods. Their food supply was nearly finished and periods of cold winter used to come suddenly and stay until the end of March. He left the dog to look after the baby, as it was a time for wolves to start hunting too. That day was much cooler than the previous ones. The sky was covered with heavy black clouds, and no sunlight reached the house in the quiet valley. The Master was gone. It started getting darker and colder. Gelert heard a howling of wolves coming from behind a hill and a few minutes later the group of thin, bony wild-dogs, with dark grey fur, approached the house from different directions. The smart dog hid the baby behind pieces of wood, which had been prepared for burning, and ran to fight the wolves. He fought for a long time being attacked from every direction. He managed to kill two of them and badly hurt a few more, which ran away to the forest howling from the pain of the bites. Despite the victory, covered in blood and badly wounded Gelert lay down to sleep, exhausted with fighting. After his master came back and noticed an empty baby's cot, took his sword, found the dog and killed him in anger and desperation. Soon afterwards, the prince heard his baby's cry coming from the wooden pales and found his son safe and untouched. The Prince took his baby on his shoulder and entered the house, where there was no friendly Gelert's bark anymore. After he made sure his baby was placed safely in its cot, he looked through the window and saw the two dead wolves

laying in a puddle of blood in the back yard. Then he understood. His loyal dog fought all those wild animals to save his Master's boy. The Prince, in desperation and with terrible regret, took his faithful pet's body to the top of the hill to bury him with respect and dignity. He covered the grave with a pile of stones to mark it and to protect it from hungry animals. You can still see it today.

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